THE CLOUD-BURST. A COLORADO LOVE STORY.

Clem and I had been married just four years when I made up my mind to leave him. My heart told me I was wrong, but I would not draw back. Two years before we were married Clem went to Colorado, and all the time he was away wrote me loving letters full of his home in the new country, the glorious cilmate and scenery, his struggles and his fallures. I longed to be with him, the quiet village life grew distasteful, home monotonous, and each day so like another that I hated to go to bed at night. I dreamed of mountains and plains, and, of course, of Clem. At last the time came when he thought best to come for me, and we were married one August morning. I remember he was pale and quiet, only a look in his dark eyes that I shall never for-

him that look haunted me.

When I saw my new home my heart went back with a throb of great anguish to my father's house, the trees and flowers, and the pretty New England village. Before me was a wide desert dotted with low huts, so far apart I could not tell even if they were inhabited, and close at wife is glad of a third person it is very sad and deplorable. hand was a three-roomed log cabin. Not a tree, a brook, a bit of green grass-only scorched plains, with gay cardinal flowers, or miles of sunflowers quivering in the hot, dry air. The flat distance ended in rugged brown foothills, but Clem said I could see the Rockies on a clear day.

I laid my pretty gowns aside, donned somber calicoes and a sunbonnet that our hired girl at home had made me for a wedding gift. I had laughed a little at it then, but now it was my greatest comfort. I took up the weary life of routine and labor that falls to a rancher's wife in this land of sand and sunshine. I was not unhappy, for I had Clem. I put my wedding presents around the cabin, giving it a lived-in look, but the furniture was very limited, and all my cooking lessons were of no avail, for there was nothing to cook with. Clem and the man worked all day in the fields, harvesting, with the wild young horses that had brought me and my finery from the town, fifty miles off, and I staid alone. There was not even a dog to speak to, though Clem had a coilie with the sheep herder miles away. He couldn't understand why I should want a dog to bring in dirt and make me more work, so I never asked again. My hands grew rough and hard in the alkali water, and my face tanned with that deep brown peculiar to Colorado. I could understand what a little Western girl said to me in my Eastern home when she cried admiringly, "Why, everybody is

Still Clem loved me; he thought me as pretty as ever, and our first winter was the happiest in my life. The man was gone, and we were all alone. We read aloud evenings, drove to the postoffice twenty miles away for our mail, and took long walks over the plains. He promised I should have a saddle in the spring and ride with him; then he would build a porch around the house, and my sister should come out and visit me.

In the spring the horses were needed for plowing, Clem was too busy to go to town for the lumber for the porch and we were too poor to entertain any one. Yet I never thought of complaining then. I had cast my fate with Clem's and I worked for his interest, I never once longed for the old easy days at home. If he said: "I've got the smartest wife in the world," I would work myself to death for a week, but he seldom talked or petted me-he was too busy with

That second winter a baby came, and the young German widow who stayed with me six months said it was the prettiest boy she ever saw. I thought it looked like Clem, and, of course, he thought it was my image. Like all young mothers I was easily frightened, and I think I had some for the doctor was fifty miles off. I may have been over anxious, but the first shadow that came between Clem and me baby. He would laugh at me and go about his work, while I carried the child all day soothing its fretting. That summer I was not strong, and may have been, as Clem

said, "hystericky." Clem grew broad-shouldered and manly, bronzed with ruddy health and life, but I was weakly and drooping, with haggard eyes and hollow cheeks. I saw it plain enough, and I had no ambition to alter my shabby gowns to fit me, nor to look neat. grew slatternly and careless. Was I to I had to cook for two men, tend a sickly baby, and wash and iron. All day long the flerce sun beat down upon our little home, where the kitchen was like an I was on my feet from sun up to sun down, for somehow I never learned to get

Then Clem would say, "You are getting ou sorry that you married me? Your life is no harder than any rancher's wife It will only last a short time, then we can get better things and some one to help you." That to me when I had He gave all his love-words and petting

through with work; it was always ahead

to baby now, and I used to wonder in dumb despair why it was so. Was it be-The third summer Mrs. France came. She was the widow of a cattle king who owned all the land about us but our little homestead. She had been in Europe, but usually spent her summers at her ranch, ten miles from her home. I was washing that morning on the shady side of the house, when I heard the sound of a horse's hoofs, and a handsome woman, with bold, black eyes, came dashing around the house on a fine thoroughbred mare. I noticed her perfectly fitting habit, her exquisite gloves and her beautiful face. No need to introduce herself; from Mrs. Bohm's-the German widow's-description I knew my vis-Itor was Mrs. France. thought I'd find somebody after

while," she said, "where's Clem?" 'He went over to the ranch to see after his sheep at daylight," I stammered. "Are you his wife?"

"Yes." I was possessed then with a mad ealousy of her, and I wondered if Clem knew her well. He had never said a word. Just then Clem came galloping up. "Corrigan said you were here," he said eagerly; "I sent my man on and came back. Are you well? Of course you arethe picture of health." She hughed merrillly, showing her pretty

there I stood with my hands in the suds like a scrub woman. "This is my wife, Mrs. France," said Clem, then he looked actually ashamed of me. I felt it. Luckily the baby cried and I ran into the house. "I heard you were married, Clem," I heard her say. "I was talking to your

teeth, while he lifted her off her horse, and

In my anger I fancied there was a touch of ridicule in her tone. I sat and rocked the baby, and listened to their talk in the other room, and once in a while I would feel a sob rising in my throat. After an hour Clem came out to ask me to cook a nice dinner, for Mrs. France would stay. "Tidy up a little Molly," he said, "I want her to see how pretty you are." I did not answer and he went back with the baby to show her. I cooked the best dinner I could, and put on my best gown, but it was loose and old-fashioned and my face was red from the stove, but she sat there cool. dainty and merry enough. Clem could not see it, not being a woman, but I could feel a touch of condescension in her tones and manner. I kept thinking, oh if I were only in my own home-I paused, was not the log cabin my home?-my father's house, then, where I had pretty gowns, and where was light-hearted, too, and much better bred than this big, bold woman. I thought all manner of silly things, and, Clem having gone home with her, I went to bed at dark

and pretended to be asleep when he came Mrs. France after this was a frequent visitor, and Clem was often at her ranch. She seldom spoke to me except to say good-day, and I barely answered this, Clem used to say: "I should think you would like to meet a lady, Molly, and have some one to talk to." I'd answer, would." but the sarcasm was never understood by his masculine stupidity. Baby had not been well for two weeks, and finally Clem promised to take me to town to see the doctor. We get up bright and early, the horses were harnessed, baby dressed and I just started to put on my bonnet-hat when Clem came in and said rather awkwardly:

"Mrs. France has sent for me. "Well?" I answered cooliy. "It's this way, dear," Clem went on hurriedly, "you see she wants my advice about a bunch of cattle. They are here before she expected them. I promised her to come, and I am anxious to be on good terms with

said slowly, "but I shall go as I have agreed. It certainly will do the baby no good to go on a fifty-mile ride because you happen to think he is sick.' I stooped down and took off the baby's connet. "If he dies I shall blame you," I said, and before he could stop me I ran out with the baby in my arms. He waited a moment, then saddled the horse, for our men had already unharnessed them, and

Late in the afternoon the baby began to scream as he had never before, and called Olsen, our man, a good-natured Swede, to help me. He held the child while I tried all the remedies I knew, then when it was quieter he rode off for Mrs. Bohm. It seemed hours before he brought her back, but the baby had been still all the time and was less worried. She hurried in to my side, knelt down and looked in the little face. "It's too late," she said sadly, "the dear baby's dying." I remember I gave a cry that did not sound like my voice at all, and then fainted. When I came back to life Clem was beside me, so white and miserable I might have pitied him, but I would not. I turned

As I was getting ready to run away from Shabby and faded.

He wanted me to go home that winter, but I would not. I was ashamed to go back, shabby and faded. I had never written a word but that we were prosperous and happy, and knew besides the season had been bad, the crops poor, and I felt Clem had made a mistake in taking this ranch, which was fit only for cattle. He was very quiet and thoughtful all the winter, sorrowing I thought over Another summer came, and with the soft June days Mrs. France and a number of

city guests. There were gay parties and picnics where we were invited, but I never went. Clem accepted some of the invitations, though, and was angry that I would not go with him. I had nothing to wear, and he could not understand the difference between his picturesque frontiersman's cos-tume, that suited his bronzed face and broad shoulders, and my old faded gowns on an exceedingly plain little person. Then I had no saddle or habit. I used to long then for the old home days, the merry young folks, the pretty dresses and music. Imagine, I had not seen a plano since I was married, and I used to play well. Once in a while I thought of these things, but

said nothing. Had love and caresses been given me I would never have thought of this at all. The day before the Fourth of July Mrs. France rode over and asked us to come to a picnic she was going to give to celebrate on the morrow. Clem said he would like to go, and would try to persuade me. I noticed that he walked a long way beside her horse, and that they were in deep conversation, for she stopped a long time, looking toward the house. In the morning Clem had the horses harnessed to the wagon and was dressed in his best. When he came to breakkept looking at me furtively. "Do dress up and go, Molly," he said, when I handed him his coffee, "be your old,

sweet self. Why do you try to be so bitter and unhappy? I choked then. I was near throwing myself in his arms and crying, "Oh, love me as you used to; pet me and kiss me. I am starving for love. My heart is breaking."
But suddenly I remembered the day before how interested they were.

"You are so used to going without me I might spoil your pleasure," I said coldly.

He turned and lifted my chin, looking into my eyes. "It can't be possible that you are so silly as to be jealous of Mrs. France,"

"There certainly is no jealousy where there is no love," I cried hotly. "Poor little slave," he said sadly. "I took you from the happiest home in the world to bring you to this." I was almost at his side then, telling him all my troubles, begging him to begin over again and we might be happy, when he went on—"And yet they say wives are impatient and enduring, satisfied to accept rainy as well as pleasant days. No girl raised as you were ought to marry a poor man. We have made a terrible mistake." "Haven't I done your work well, as well as any farmer's daughter used to the life?"

I cried in anger-"can you not even be fair "You have done my work too well," he answered: "it was a useless sacrifice." He caught his sombrero from the nail-"Are you going with me?" "A dowdy in a faded gown and a queer hat—no. I keep where I belong. You might be ashamed of me as you were that day Mrs. France saw me washing.

"Just put that silly idea out of your head," he said sternly; "I never could be the mean fellow you think me, and yet you may be right in disliking me. I fancy I never was a lovable man; in fact, I never was much used to womankind, having neither mother nor sisters. Well, well—Olsen will look after you if I'm not back to-night. Good-bye." to-night. Good-bye. He went out quickly and jumped into the wagon. I watched him out of sight, then I went into the bedroom. I put on a stout dress and shoes, packed a few little things I cared for, and flung on my sunbonnet. I told Olsen I was going over to Mrs. Bohm's and might stay all night, and started for her house. When I thought he could no longer see me, I left the path and struck across the country to the trail that led across the country to the trail that led to the public road some miles beyond Mrs. France's ranch. Clem often went by this trail to town when he was on horseback. I kept steadily on over level land, through cactus and sage brush, then further ahead I went over rolling ground, hill-like mounds, and then descended into a valley -Dry creek canyon. I did not stop to eat or drink; in fact, there was no water for miles. It was terribly hot, the air close and stifling, and the few scorched willows along the sandy creek bed afforded no shelter at all. I noticed early in the afterncon wagon tracks where a team had come down the low banks into the creek bed I saw that some one was ahead of me. There was, I knew, further on, an old, abandoned ranch, where emigrants often stopped. I began to feel fear now. I re-

yon and gone over the hills to this place. I kept on, determined not to give up so soon. Once when I looked back timorously, frightened by the awful stillness of the canyon, I saw the heavens were dark Soon dull thunder peals echoed from the hills, and a sharp flash of lightning daz-zled me for a moment. I knew one of those sudden and terrible thunderstorms peculiar to a mountainous country was upon me. I believed half of my unhappiness at the ranch was caused by the fact that I had to stay alone in thunder-showers, and the terror they inspired then will never leave me. As the roar grew louder, the light more vivd, I began to long for human companionship. I prayed I might find the wagon and a woman in it, and

planned a story to tell the people that

would explain my strange appearance. I

membered I was a woman and alone, but I hoped they would have crossed the can-

ran faster all the while with the energy of a terrible despair. The air grew close and murky, the sky overcast, the clouds low-hanging, and a strange, moaning wind swept down the canyon, rustling the scattered willows. A few rain drops pattered on my shoulder, and I wished for my shawl that in my excitemen: I had forgotten to take. I heard the rattle of wheels, and just ahead, as I turned a bend in the creek, I saw a wagon going rapidly down the canyon. The driver -a man-was sitting with bowed head, and did not heed my frantic calls till I was close to him. He reined in his horses and looke! back. "Molly!" he cried. In my fright and haste I had recognized neither team nor driver. I stood and looked at him in miserable dismay, yet I was glad, too, for the thunder storm was very present and real, and my running away was all a miserable failure. At least Clem would be with me now, if we never saw each other

again. "Where were you going?" he said, coldly, A hasty answer arose to my lips, arrested at the instant by the strange expression on Clem's face. He was looking up the canyon; turned, and saw, far above, a dark line, like a number of cattle crossing the creek bed. The rain was coming now in great, swift sheets, while the thunder reverberated over the faraway hills and the lightning flung its red glare across our white faces. Clem ran to the horses, cut their harness and struck them with the whip. "It'll give the poor beasts a chance," he said, as they galloped across the sand. Then he caught me by the arm. "Run for your life," he cried, dragging

Above the roar of the tempest there was another sound, steady and coming nearer. A fearful crashing of waters, like Niagara, dropped suddenly down in a quiet landscape. I looked up the creek and saw a dark moving mass, with a curious motion no one can describe. It had not the smooth fullness and onward rush of an ocean wave, but rather a mad dance. It had no white crest nor shining surface; it was black and oily, like mud in waves, and came with tremendous velocity. Ahead of us, midstream, was a little mound that had been part of the eastern shore, probably separated by just such a flood, and thither we ran. On the island were a number of cottonwoods, one old giant that must have penetrated to some hidden spring, for its foliage was green and The ground about its roots had been washed away, leaving some of them exposed, while the bank we climbed was so spongy and yielding that a great mass of the sandy earth fell after us as we struggled up. The island was four or five feet higher than the creek bed and we reached its shore just in time, for already there was a dirty seum, pre-age of the torrent, hissing over the dry, hot sand.

Clem pulled me up into the big tree, and just as he did so a wave, all of ten feet high, leaped upon us. It reared straight up into the air, hurling timber, trees, dead cows, a pail from some rancher's door, a woman's hat and a chair. I thought, as these things whirled by, had any one else been surprised, too, and would we go float- | Pacific much more speedily than he was | gained by making them high enough to sup-He looked at me steadily. "I don't know, ing in ghastly gayety down that black driven from the eastern approaches to the port the head, or in running little steeples I will not know what you mean," he river? Close behind this wave came a sec- Arctic. The whale fleet sailing out of the up along each side of them in the vicinity

ond one and the two chased each other in diabolical merriment; they churned up the sand, dug great black hollows between each other and went tumbling along, followed by a foaming stretch of water, too swift for waves in its pell mell haste. As the water rose Clem dragged me fur-ther up the tree, both of us wet and shiver-

Around us as far as we could see was a wide world of dark waves, boiling, rolling, hurrying on. There was a strange fascination in it, too. I knew no swimmer could breast that awful current; that the treacherous sand would drag him down like a giant-armed octopus, yet there was such a swift motion of water, such a rollicking, dancing glee, such a whirling of air and shore, that one wanted to join the procession and hurry along, too. The waves were full of rotten tree trunks and debris of a wooded hillside, showing the clouds had come down some mountain side some miles away, and with the trees were homely household utensils and furniture, a calf and a washtub that sailed jovially along till it struck a timber and succumbed. I had seen our wagon disappear on the crest of the first wave, but I was sure the horses were safe. Then I began to think of ourselves, The tree was swaying perilously, the water seething madly about its roots. "Is it still rising?' I said to Clem, who answered, "Yes," quietly holding me tight

"Don't let me go!" I cried piteously, "at least let us die together." I became aware that he held me very close and was brushing the wet hair off my face.
"I wish I had my coat," he said tenderly,
"that poor little dress of yours is so thin.
How you tremble! Do I hold you too tight? Is this the end of your martyrdom, I won-der? Poor Molly, your married life has been

"It would not have been if you had loved me," I cried, and then I told him all my troubles that I had hoarded up and gloated over as a miser does his gold. I told him of the saddle he promised, the many other little acts of neglect, of things that go to make up the sum of a woman's happiness; his indifference to baby's sickness and my own woes. "I had no friend," I stammered, "no one to bid me have hope and take up heart again. Oh, Clem, there are more tragedies in the homely every-day life than will ever be written in books or understood

I saw his face droop, his mouth quiver,

and then I felt a sob rise in his breast.

Clem crying—the great, strong man! I could not bear that, "Forgive me, I was wrong," I said. "I fancied all this. You did not mean it." But he only muttered, Still the flood went on; still the dark waters encompassed us about, till I thought, "Verily, the floodgates of heaven are opened." Then, as the old tree rocked in the torrent, Clem told me simply and honestly that he had not understood. He thought I was contented, and he was not used to the little caresses that come natural -dear, quiet old Clem-to teach him. But he was bitterly sorry, and he thought from my ravings after baby died that I hated him and blamed him for the child's death. It was so good to hear him reproach himself and to have him kiss me in that passionate grief that I was indifferent to the

flood or the future. For a moment we were silent, and, looking into his dear face, I mercifully did not see the coming wave, but I heard the louder roar echoing the far-away thunder peal and coming with the crash of a gale in a pine forest, or the breaking of the surf on a rocky coast. There was one swift moment of agonized expectation when it washed over us, bending the tree to its lev-el, but it went on and the tree did not fall. remember Clem kissed me and said he thought the water was going down, but somehow I did not heed. I think I fainted, When I did begin to realize again the flood was quite low, gone as swiftly as it came. Only a muddy brook creeping down the sandy creek bed where a mighty river had been; the sun had come out bright and warm and the storm was past. What havoc and desolation the storm caused was recorded in all the papers, but our deaths were not among the disasters. I fancied that great volume of water roaring on to the Platte river, swelling its tide to wash the shores of sandy plains and fertile meadow lands, far to the turbulent Missouri, ending at last in a shining blue sea, the great Gulf of Mexico. Shall I carry you, you little thin thing,'

"You might slip," I said; so hand-inhand, like two children, we crossed the slippery land to the ranch two miles away. On the hill by the creek I saw our wagon flung bottom up, and by the ranch we found our horses feeding quietly. Luckily Clem's matches-in the silver case I had given him long before we were married-were dry, and he built up a fire in the fireplace in the log cabin. When I stood there to dry my clothes I took my treasures out of my wet pocket and put them by the fire. Clem came in with some wood, and saw them. He stooped down on one knee and took them "I was running away when I saw you," I

said, determined to keep no more secrets He looked up at me and said slowly: you hated me-I sold the ranch to Mrs. France-good business woman - mean, though-haggled a year about the price-\$5,000. I was going to mail you the particulars and she would pay you. One of those visitors of hers has offered me a place on his big cattle ranch in Texas—I was going there. You have had four years of misery

the money would pay you a little and
you could go home—I would not trouble you any more-wrote this in a letter?"

"Can I see it, Clem?"
"It was carried off in my coat—probably on its way down the Platte now-letter was hard to write-nearly broke my heart-told Olsen to look out for you-was going to send the team back so you could get away all right—came down Dry Creek canyon— afraid I'd meet Mrs. France and her crowd. He spoke in quick, jerky sentences, looking at my treasures; he turned them over in his hand and looked up at me. "Fifteen dollars, the photograph a man who ruined your life, and-and a dead baby's shoe. I wonder if the Pil-grim entered the gates of paradise with so "Clem." I cried, 'it is heaven now if you will love me and forgive me.' He jumped up and took me in his arms. "Miserable cowards that we were, Molly, running away from each other, too silly and proud to tell each other the truth.

It did not seem like sober, indifferent Clem at all, this eager, passionate lover. It was very dear to me, too, I had starved "And you will take me to Texas?" I cried. "Of course," he laughed, "we are just married are we not? And no more ranches for me of my own; somebody else can do the work, it's beyond us, too. We don't want to be rich; we want to be happy.' While we stood there hand in hand, like two young lovers, we heard a loud rattling, and there came Olsen and Mrs. Bohm, driving at full speed across the prairie. Mrs. Bohm had come over to spend the day with me, and then Olsen knew I was gone some other way. He borrowed her team and went to find me. He tracked my steps to the canyon, and the double tracks across the

Shall we begin all over again-let me win

you once more and keep you, pet?"

mud to the ranch. Luckily he had missed "My wife is going to Texas with me," said Clem proudly. The dear fellow had suffered, knowing Olsen knew how unhappy "That is good," said Olsen in his slow way, "for Mrs. Bohm and me are agreed to get married, and I could not go with you." Later Clem and Olsen rescued our wagon and hitched our horses ahead of Mrs. Bohm's team. We had quite a procession. Mrs. Bohm sat with Olsen in the front seat. and Clem, sitting behind with me, insisted on wrapping a blanket about me and holding it, too. He had given me back my treasures except the little worn shoe. He kept that "to remind him," he said, but he would not say any more. Men's feelings are buried deeper than women's, and I have learned to know that only in times of great trouble and danger are the depths of Clem's nature aroused into motion. * * * The sunset flamed out red and golden behind the foot hills, the sky was glowing with glorious color, the cloudbursts of Dry Creek canyon and of our lives were over.

-Woman. OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

Nature and love laughed again in the sun-

Ireland has the least proportion of criminals to the million of population, 950. Black walnut sawdust, caramel and roasted and browned horse liver are used

There are forty-eight distinct diseases of the eye. No other organ of the human The oldest newspaper in the United States is the Hartford Courant, which celebrated

its 129th anniversary last week. No two Eastern carpets are precisely alike in all respects. With machine weaving, of course, the opposite is the case. Massachusetts has more incorporated cities of more than ten thousand inhabitants than any other State in the Union. New Jersey was named for Sir George Carteret, who was at that time Governor of the island of Jersey in the British chan-

From the American aloe tree threads, needles, ropes, cables, paper, clothing, soap, sugar and brandy are some of the articles Every church and chapei in every village and town in Wales has its choir, often numbering sixty, seventy or one hundred

The San Francisco Call says: The whale is destined to disappear from the North

port of San Francisco has this year caught in Arctic regions no less than 353 whales. The Krupp gun works claim to have manufactured a machine which will roll iron so thin that it would take 1,800 sheets to make

Of 1,790 patients treated at the Pasteur Institute in Paris in 1892 for hydrophobia, only four are known to have died from the

The Caspian sea is the largest inclosed body of water in the world. It varies be-tween 740 miles in length and 200 miles in The Chinese population of San Francisco in 1880 was 25,00). In 1890 it was 21,000. The total number of Chinamen in the United States is 106,000.

Grease may be taken out of carpets by covering the spot with powdered French chalk, laying a soft brown paper over the chalk and covering with a warm iron. That peculiar old city, Iquique, Bolivia, should certainly be the Mecca of Mel-bourne and our government rainmakers. No man ever saw a rainstorm at that

Professor Ward, F. R. S., of London, has demonstrated by the aid of photography that bacteria spores require darkness for their development, and that sunlight

When the Japanese and the Coreans "hitch" a horse they do so by tying his forefeet together. Hitching posts are never used in either Corea or Japan, except by foreigners. The British scientific expedition to the Philippine Islands is said to have discovered, 2,500 feet above sea level, on the sides of the extinct volcano Apo, a flower five

feet and a half in diameter. William R. Smith, for many years su-perintendent of the Botanical Gardens in Washington, has, it is said, personally directed the planting of more than 6,000,000 trees in different parts of the United

Statisticians claim that the earth will not support to exceed 5,994,000,000. The present population is estimated at 1,467,000,000, the increase being 8 per cent. each decade. At that rate the utmost limit will be reached in the year 2072.

It took four months for four men to do even inches of a cashmere shawl one yard wide, working from 5 in the morning till 5 in the evening every day; so it was hardly to be wondered at that two yards should At the mouth of the Mississippi there is a little village built upon wooden piles standing far out in the water. This village is reached from the mainland by canoes and

its inhabitants have to climb a kind of pole ladder to get to the doorways. A procurator was the governor of a province, having especial charge of the revenue and collection of taxes. Pontius Pilate was a procurator, but owing to the rebellious character of the Hebrews he was in-The first notice which we have of the appointment of aldermen in London is in the year 882. The word alderman was originally written ealdorman, signifying "elder men," which was used in the earlier

parts of the Saxon period as a name of dignity, unconnected with office. If a train, moving at the speed of twentyfive miles an hour, were suddenly stopped the passengers would experience a shock equal to that of falling from a second-floor window; at thirty miles an hour, they might as well fall from a height of three pairs of stairs, and an express train would, n point of fact, make them fall from a

Texas raises 1,200,000 bales of cotton, which deld nearly \$50,000,000. The cotton seed product exceeds 600,000 tons. The sugar plantations on the Brazos alone produce 12,-000,000 pounds of sugar and 1,200,000 gallons of molasses. Texas has 5,000,000 sheep and clips 25,000,000 pounds of wool. The pecan trees of Texas yield every year 9,000,000 pounds of nuts.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. The Fair Sex.

Little Dick-Why do they call women the fair sex? Some of 'em are awful homely. Little Dot-I s'pose it's cause why they're

A Very Material Difference. Stapleton-What is the difference between

Caldecott-About 30 per cent. in the price of the liquor, I should say. Talking Societies.

cafe and a saloon, any way?

She-Don't you think that women ought to have the right to go to Congress? He-Yes; and that United States Senators should be admitted to Sorosis. Had to Cry.

Old Gentleman-My, my! I don't like to ee little boys cry. Boys who get hurt Boy-Boo, hoo! Then I'd get li-licked fer

Humoring His Customers.

New York Weekly. Professor Von Note-You haf a vine col-ection off classic music here. Music Dealer—That's for young ladies to look over previous to asking for a copy of "After the Ball."

Silenced.

Little Boy (with toy camera)-Call that a cow you are drawing? It doesn't look like Little Girl (from Boston)-This isn't photography. It's art.

Women and the Sunday Paper. Marriages first, then births and deaths, Their feminine thoughts engage; And they always read the dry-goods ad's, And never "The Woman's Page."

A Clear Field.

Poet (enthusiastically)-Yes; I say with one of old, "Let me write the songs of a nation, and I care not who makes their Practical Friend-Well, who's hindering

In the Wrong Office.

Good News. Actress-You are a divorce lawyer, I un Lawyer-Yes, madame; I secure divorces without publicity. Actress-Um-I'm in the wrong office. Good day, sir.

His Self-Respect. New York Weekly.

Tramp-All my troubles come from card mum. I lost me self-respect, an then I didn't care what became of me. Housekeeper (sympathetically)-Poor man! should think you would have lost your Tramp-Yes, mum. A man can have no self-respect w'en he always loses.

A Fortunate Boy.

Good News. Papa-Don't you think you might get prize this term if you should try hard? Small Son-No use. Sammy Smart takes all the prizes in our school.

"Why is that?" "I don't know for sure, but I guess mebby he's got a papa wot knows enough about arithmetic to help him in his sums."

Harper's Bazar. Count Spaghetti-Miss Bonds, I have come to ask you a question; one which-ah-Miss Bonds-Yes, I understand, Count; but it may not be. I am already engaged to be Count Spaghetti-You mistake me, madam,

was not about to ask your hand, but-ah-

I wished to know if you could lend me \$10

A Slight Misunderstanding.

for a week. He Knew the Pills. New York Weekly.

Farmer Hoefast-There's just as many miracles now as there ever was. There's whole columns about miracles every week useless, shining gauzes away in orris powin the Bungtown Bugle. Mrs. Hoefast-If you'd read th' paper, stead of jus' skimmin' over it, you'd see them articles is all about people gittin' cured by Dr. Dosem's Bilious Pills-the Farmer Hoefast-Eh! Did those pills ever do anybody any good? Well, that's a mira-

A College Journalist. New York Weekly.

Friend-How's that? Lost your position already? I thought you were the highest honor graduate in the Great American College of Journalism? Young Journalist-That's what's the matter. All the professors kept dinging into my head the great journalistic motto, "Boil It

"Well, the first work I was given was editing the special cable dispatches. I boiled 'em down to about three inches, and this morning the proprietor kicked me out.'

High-Back Chairs.

Harper's Weekly, A contemporary paragrapher speaks in commendation of the current disposition to furnish dining rooms with high-back chairs. Dining-room chairs ought to be thoroughly comfortable, but nothing is

WE ARE NAMING PRICES ON

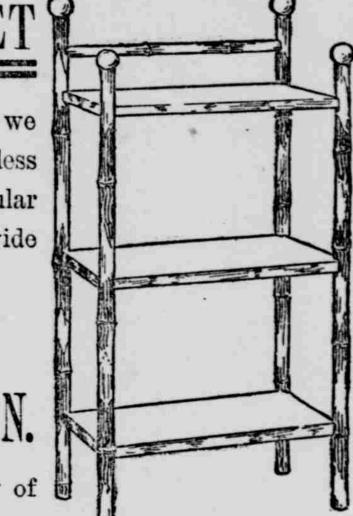
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71 and 73 West Washington St.

backs of the dining room chairs.

THE BARGAIN FAD.

When it Strikes a Woman True Econ-

omy Goes to the Wall.

That is the way with a woman. She will

go without rubbers and economize on flan-

nels. She will save on her down-town lunch-

eons and walk holes in her show rather

than waste money on car fares. She will

launder her handkerchiefs in her own room,

rinsing them in the wash basin and past-

ing them on the mirror to dry. They will

be soapy and smelly and horrid, but she

will use them heroically, borne up by the

knowledge that she has saved half a dollar

She will deny herself the pleasure of hav-

ing that dress which she really needs,

though she has the cloth all ready and walt-

ing, simply because the dressmaker charges

so much. She will renounce correspondence

because stationery and stamps, you know,

really run away with a good deal of money

She will make a martyr of herself, and talk

about it and glory in it, until every young

man who knows her (and who isn't old

enough to understand) will think what a

heroic little thing she is to battle with

the odds of poverty. And then, brave and

demure in her threadbare cloth gown, she

happens across a bargain counter, and

mortgages her salary for a month buying

nor wear, nor keep one warm; things that

must be made over stiff and crinkling

silk and trimmed with velvet or ribbons or

lace, and then are only fit for a festal garb,

And the young woman knows that she can-

not afford either the "trimmings" or the

what she would do with the frocks if she

der at the bottom of a trunk and talks

some more about her poverty. And her

conscience doesn't trouble her at all. Why

Oh, because the things that she bought

The Measure of Generosity.

It is not what a man gives away that de-

May depend upon the way you treat the warn-

ings which nature gives. A few bottles of S. S. S. taken at the proper time may insure good health for a year or two. Therefore act at once, for it

IS IMPORTANT

purities, and is an excellent tonic also.

He Wants to Add His Name.

Treatise on blood and skin diseases mailed free.

"Permit me to add my name to your many other

that nature be assisted at the right time.

termines his generosity; it is the amount he

New York Commercial Advertiser.

were cheap!

could afford them. So she lays the fragile,

"making," and she really does not know

npossible gauzes; things that won't wash

out of the weekly laundry bill.

32, 34 and 36 Kentucky Ave.

in the dining room to need much support If the chair backs reach up to the shoulder blades they are quite high enough. If they go further than that they tempt diners to CIGARS AND TOBACCO. slumber at the table, which is bad man-P. L. CHAMBERS. ners. Another objection to the highbacked chair is that waiters or wait-resses of ordinary stature find them a seri-JOBBER OF TOBACCO, Manufacturer of the celebrated ous hindrance to the prompt distribution of JUDGE: CIGAR food. A short waitress cannot take a short cut over a chair back four or five feet high. 59 NORTH PENNSYLVANIA ST. She must steer her dishes around the corners of such chairs, and that is more of an inconvenience and detriment to good wait-PHYSICIANS. ing than most diners realize. One day this summer at a hotel where high-backed,

twin-spire chairs prevailed a waiting damsel made a pathetic complaint of the extreme weariness she had in her arms because of OFFICE-78 North Illinois street. Calls promptly the constant lifting of dishes over the high answered day or night. Special attention given to diseases of women. Electricity and massage treatment. Endy assistant. Hours—9 to 12 a.m.; 2 to 5 and 7 to 8.30 p. m.

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